

# Lifeliner: Earthquake in India

*By Bruce Moen*

The Monroe Institute's Lifeline program gave me the training, experience and confidence to explore beyond my existence in what we call the physical world. Through the, LOVE, understanding and teaching of caring trainers I learned to provide assistance "over there," to locate and assist people who no longer live in physical bodies. I encourage anyone desiring to learn to explore beyond the world of physical matter to contact The Monroe Institute in Faber, Virginia. By way of sharing experiences open to anyone who wishes to learn how . . .

When great numbers of people die all at once as the result of a large-scale natural disaster is there anything we, graduates of the Lifeline program, can do to assist them? When so many people make the transition from living in the physical to living in the nonphysical world in such a short span of time, what happens to them?

From my past experience doing retrievals of one person at a time I've learned that people sometimes get "stuck" after they die. Often times the circumstances of their death or beliefs they held about life after death before dying are responsible for "being stuck." The most common element of being stuck is that the newly "dead" person is unaware of others, already living in their new, nonphysical environment, who are trying to communicate with and assist them. The training I received in the Lifeline program taught me how to get such people's attention and assist them in making contact with residents of their new environment who can help them adjust to their new way of living. Most often it's a friend or relative who's died before that comes to meet and assist someone I've retrieved. So I'm familiar with providing assistance on a one to one basis. But if hundreds or thousands all die at the same time, what happens to them? Surely some are met by friends or relatives who've pass on before, but what of the rest who for one reason or another might be left wandering in the "in-between?" In the Fall of 1993, while living near a little town called Nellysford in Virginia, I had the good fortune to participate in a Lifeline research group at The Monroe Institute. Being a member of this group gave me the opportunity to learn much about the answers to these questions.

Once a month Dr. Rita Warren led the research group of Lifelines program graduates who lived in or were visiting in the area. I was fortunate to have participated for several months in this group's activities exploring many different aspects of the human, after-death experience. I had previously attended two Lifelines programs at The Monroe Institute and had developed some ability to explore Focus levels 22 through 27 as well as to contact and communicate with those who live there. All of the other members of Dr. Warren's research group had attended at least one Lifelines program, had developed the skills necessary to participate in exploring these nonphysical realms and were interested in doing so.

Each month Dr. Warren would prepare for our gathering by selecting a topic or theme for the research and by preparing a detailed questionnaire. Questionnaires were used to document, collect and later analyze information from all members of the group after completing each exploration session. We generally started late morning on a Saturday and finished about 4:00 pm the same day. The Monroe Institute donated use of their facilities in The Nancy Penn Center for our use.

In a typical first of three exploration sessions our group would meet in the downstairs lunchroom at The Nancy Penn Center starting out with a discussion, led by Dr. Warren. After everyone had a pretty good understanding of the intended area of exploration we followed a routine which is well known to those who have attended programs at the Institute. After making a stop at the bathroom, so as not to be interrupted by that need during the session, we each proceeded to our own CHEC unit. Once we were all ready in our CHEC units the control room operator would start a Hemi- Sync(R) tape. Sounds on these tapes helped facilitate tuning in to the Focus levels we intended to explore during our research sessions. These sounds are piped into the stereo headphones in each CHEC unit simultaneously and with a little training make it relatively easy to focus one's attention in the desired "location."

After completing the exploration session each member of the group would fill out the survey questionnaire previously prepared by Dr. Warren. This was done before any discussion among group members while everything was still fresh in our minds. In this way each member's experience was recorded in a systematic way for future reference. The method insured that each member's information was not cross pollinated by other members of the group. After we finished our writing we returned one by one to the meeting room and waited for everyone to rejoin the group.

When everyone had returned to the group all joined into a debriefing discussion in which first each of us in turn described what we had experienced during the session. Then a group discussion generally ensued in which we compared notes and talked about how our individual experience and information fit together or conflicted. At times this would lead to some adjustment of the original instructions for the next session to taking into account what we had just discovered.

This pattern of introduction of the topic, CHEC unit tape session, filling out survey questionnaires and debriefing discussion was always carried out in three sessions each month we met. These were exciting times for me and I always looked forward to our monthly gatherings to explore beyond the physical world together in a group with a common intent.

In the Fall of 1993 an earthquake had killed some 68,000 people in India a week or two before our research group was to meet. Dr. Warren chose as a theme for our research the question, "Is there any way a group such as ours could be of assistance in a large scale,

natural disaster?" When we met that month she had prepared questionnaires, a list of subtopics and questions to be explored during our three tape sessions. In our group gathering before the first session we discussed the topic question in detail and added a few ideas and questions to the list. There were perhaps 8 or 10 of us that Saturday morning, ready to explore what I felt was an interesting and unusual topic. After we'd finished talking it over we all left the lunchroom and began the process of exploring during our first CHEC unit, tape session.

I entered my CHEC unit, plumped up the pillow and laid down under a light blanket to stay warm for the next forty five minutes or so the session would take. I flipped the ready light switch to indicate to the control room operator I was ready to join in with all the other group members and begin the first session. After slipping on the stereo head phones I got into a comfortable position and relaxed, waiting to begin.

One of the standard tapes used in the Lifelines program, one called Free Flow 27 was provided by The Monroe Institute for the research group's use. It was selected because there is very little verbal instruction on the tape. It starts with sound patterns assisting movement to Focus 10 and then gradually moves to Focus 27. In the Fall of 1993, I still felt the need to rely on taped Hemi-Sync sounds to move me to the various states of consciousness I'd learned to explore during the Gateway Voyage and Lifelines programs. Since then I've found the program trainers were telling the truth when they told us once we learned how to focus our attention using the tapes we wouldn't need them anymore. So now I very seldom listen to any Hemi-Sync tapes except the ones I receive each month with the newsletter I get as a supporting member of the Institute. So, there in my CHEC unit, I settled in with the head phones on and listened as the Hemi-Sync sounds of Free Flow 27 began.

As I felt myself relaxing into the Focus 10 sounds I expressed my intent to learn how I might assist in the aftermath of the India earthquake as a member of our Lifelines research group. Peering into the 3D blackness before my closed eyes, I waited for something to happen. As I approached and moved through Focus 25, on my way to Focus 27, I notice a large influx of people taking place. It seemed as though many of the earthquake victims were drawn to specific areas of Focus 25, the belief system territories, which resonated with their particular after death beliefs. I "saw" how by using certain symbols and characters, particularly from their religious beliefs, one could attract their attention and assist in moving them to Focus 27.

I also noted that the sudden, unexpected and unexplained appearance of so many people in Focus 25 affected those already living in these areas. From previous experience I had come to understand that people locked in a belief system territory could be loosened when they felt a conflict between their surroundings and their beliefs. Though I didn't understand the exact details something about huge numbers of people materializing in their midst caused some of the inhabitants to doubt something critical in their beliefs. In these moments of doubt some

seemed to move automatically to Focus 27. Looking back I suspect there were Helpers I didn't see assisting these folks in the move.

When I reached Focus 27 I again expressed my intent to learn how I might assist in the aftermath of the India earthquake as a member of the Lifelines research group. I shifted to Focus 23 and peered, intently, into the 3D blackness before my nonphysical eyes. In that field of blackness a small patch of bright, vivid green, mixed into the grainy, 3D blackness attracted my attention. I felt myself accelerating toward the patch. Moving through it I emerged out the other side of it flying, perhaps a 80 yards above the ground, cruising along at a pretty good clip, over low, gently rolling, lush, green hills. It was a bright, clear, sunny day and off toward the horizon, a little to my right, I could see two of thin columns of white smoke. They were close together, rising slowly into a clear, blue sky. Not knowing what to expect I turned slightly and headed straight for the columns of smoke curious about where they were coming from.

I don't remember approaching close to the smoke columns. Instead the next thing I remember is standing at the edge of what looked like a small, tent city, relief camp. Beyond the edge of the camp, in the distance I could see people in small groups or by themselves walking toward this small, tent city from the surrounding countryside. Off to my left people were forming a line, which was almost continuously fed by those walking in from the countryside and entering the camp. Apparently victims of the quake, they looked tired and dazed as they entered the line. There were other people, workers in the camp, greeting them as they moved through the line, handing them blankets, food and water and instructing them to follow the person in front of them. Near where the workers were handing out food I recognized the source of the thin columns of smoke I'd seen as I first approached the camp, flying above the ground. There were cooking fires in a couple of places in the camp where food was being prepared for the quake victims. The smoke columns were rising straight up, high into the windless sky from those small fires. With my eyes I slowly followed the line of people as they moved through the camp single file. Off to my right I could see what appeared to be an opening of some kind. It was dark on the outside looking like the opening to a cave incongruously sitting there on the flat, open ground. The opening led into a tunnel, also dark on the outside, whose walls were semitransparent. Looking closely, through the walls of the tunnel, I could see the line of people, each continuing to follow the person in front of them as they'd been instructed by the camp workers. Dazed and not very aware of their surroundings most were still carrying their bowls of food, blankets and cups of water. Some, looking around and ahead inside the tunnel, were curious about the lights and colors they were seeing but continued to walk, following the person ahead of them. None of them seemed to be aware that just a short distance away from the opening the tunnel lifted up off the ground and continued upwards into the sky. It looked like a long, dark, twisting tube extending far off into the distant sky. From where I was standing I couldn't see where the tunnel went as the other end of it was too far away to see. I was wondering about where the

tunnel went when I first became aware of someone standing behind me and a little to my right. I later realized he had been there talking to me from the moment I set foot in the camp, pointing out its various features and explaining how it operated. I can't say I ever heard his voice, it was more like I felt it and although I met him several times during each of the three sessions of this research, and once several years later in Oklahoma City, to this day I've never seen him .

As I was looking at the tunnel, wondering about where it went I became aware of feeling his voice as he said, "It's a method we use to transport large numbers of people from here to what you call Focus 27, The Park or The Reception Center. On the other end of the tunnel there are more Helpers as you call them, who meet individually with each of the people who arrive. Those Helpers make contact with each of the people and assist them in making their transition to life in their new environment. To some it's explained that they died in the earthquake and they are now in a safe place. Others are allowed to come to this realization in their own time. Some of the Helpers meeting them are friends, relatives or loved ones who've come to meet them and to help handle the influx of people from the quake. Others are volunteers who join in to help on their own.

As I continued looking around the camp he explained that the smoke from the cooking fires was one of the ways they attracted people to the camp. He told me some of the people had no doubt seen such camps, or pictures of them, while they were still living in the physical world. This particular camp had been constructed to look just like a physical world camp so as to fit in with what people expected to see. That way, he explained, people tended to remain calm and were much easier to assist since they felt themselves to be in familiar surroundings. It must have taken 20 minutes or so of earth time for him to show and explain to me the what and how of this camp's operation. I know the timing from the timing of events on the Hemi-Syncr tape. Somewhere in late in our conversation I heard the verbal instructions on the tape saying it was time to return to my CHEC unit in Virginia. I explained to my host that I had to leave to go back to where my body was in Virginia and I would return in a little while to learn more about how I could be of assistance. He seemed to understand what I was trying to communicate to him. I turned my attention back to the sounds of the tape and followed them to my familiar place in the physical world.

I stayed in my CHEC unit for a minute or so after the tape ended, giving myself a little time to remember all that had happened. Then I switched off the ready light to let the person in the control room know I was back, moved out of the CHEC unit and sat down at a desk to fill out the questionnaire. Finishing the form I walked over to the downstairs lunch room, grabbed a cup of coffee and sat down to wait for the remaining members to rejoin the group. After everyone was back we started our debriefing session and listened as each in turn shared what they had just experienced.

For the most part, at first, it seemed as though each member of the group had been in a different place. It was almost like we hadn't been together as a group at the same site. I recognized some similarities as people talked about their experiences, about the countryside they had seen, or the people they'd watched walking. A few had been in contact with people, some of these sounded like earthquake victims, some sounded like various kinds of Helpers. As we all talked I began to realize each had a story at this point in the exploration that indicated most of us had arrived at some aspect of the site. None of us saw how our own individual experience fit together to form an overall picture yet. Each seemed to be involved in areas which seemed quite different from each other.

The following descriptions of activities during our first group session are taken directly from copies of the questionnaires filled out by members of the original research group. These copies were provided for this article by Dr. Warren in July of 1995.

One member of the group, BW, had met with a group of guides in Focus 27. Their advice was that we should, "act as a group in sending Light. That a large number of people were stuck in the darkness of fear, frustration and hopelessness." And that sending, ". . . the energy of Light could lift these so they could go on."

Another participant, ND, described how, after placing her intent, "Many people began to appear instantly. At first I was a little worried (that I might let them down) but almost immediately a tunnel opened up on my left. A kind of gang plank was put down." People, earthquake victims, "began filing up the plank" in large numbers. ND then went on to describe that people on the other side of the tunnel "were reaching out their hands to help them through the door of the tunnel. Large masses of people moved out steadily and calmly."

TA, described standing behind me in Focus 23, watching as a "known Indian leader" was "telling Bruce about the needs of his people." "People seemed to be in hovels, attempting to care for themselves and each other. Bruce and I communicated with those in 27 to receive instructions. All was in place for those in the camp' to go to areas of food distribution, for us to float over the crowd and call to people to follow us. Many would go to 25 and that would cause a disturbance there and many from 25 would also go to 27 in the confusion."

Two other group members described being up in the air examining some sort of tube in the sky. While another received the message that our group should try to educate more people on earth about death and dying. This would help fewer people to be "stuck' in 23 in the first place.

It was interesting to reread the questionnaire I had filled out immediately after that first session. Doing so jogged my memory and added detail I'd forgotten in the two years since the experience. In response to the question, "what information did you receive," I'd written:

"Relief tent city' as a means of gathering many together, use religious beliefs, to act as a 'floating figure' above the crowds," and that "Focus 25 retrievals" could be done.

"In such cases tent cities have been formed with a focus on providing food and shelter. These can be a means of concentrating the newly dead. In their stunned, dazed state this is what they expect and see. Calling them to a non-physical version of these (tent cities) is a starting point."

"Focus 25 serves as a buffer. There's an opportunity to assist large numbers in NOT stopping in 25 by portraying figures the people will see as Spirits. Floating or flying above crowds, calling to them to follow can induce many to do so."

Responding to the "Other features of the experience" question I'd written: "Located TA (a friend and member of the research group) and was in contact throughout most of the tape."

After completing our debriefing session we began to prepare for exploring the next phase of our research. In the second exploration session we were to try to recontact any one we might have met during the first one and ask that person how we might be of assistance. After Dr. Warren made sure we all understood what we were to do, we each picked up another blank survey questionnaire form and headed back towards our CHEC units.

After settling in with the head phones on I switched on the ready light, then relaxed, waiting for the tape to begin. I was excited at the prospect of going back to the earthquake site and again communicating with the guy I'd met in the previous session. When the taped sounds started I focused my intent on the camp and waited. In a few seconds I found myself standing back in the relief camp, I could feel the one I'd met last time standing, still unseen, behind me and little to the right. I opened my intended conversation with him by asking if he was there.

"Yes, I'm here," I felt him say.

"Well I'm, back to visit with you again," I said.

"Yes I knew you'd be coming so I waited here for you," he replied.

"This time I'm here to ask, if there's anything I can do to assist you and your team of Helpers?" I'd like to assist you in some way if I can, is there any way I can be of help," I thought out to him.

"As a matter of fact there is," he replied, "we can use you as bait."

"As bait," I asked, a little puzzled at his use of the term.

"Yes, part of our problem is attracting people into the camp who are wandering around out in the countryside. We rely on our cooking fire smoke and there are some of us who fly over the area trying to get people's attention. But since you still live in a body it will be much easier for them to see and hear you. We'd like to fly you around, beyond sight of our smoke, close to the ground. If you'd just get the attention of anyone you see and direct them toward the camp it would be a great help."

"OK," I said, "If being bait, as you put it, would be a great help I'm willing to give it a try."

"These two will accompany you and provide an attention getting function that will make your part easier to play."

As he said this I was joined by two of the brightest, most brilliant, shining lights you can imagine. It took me a few seconds to realize these were humans in a form I was unfamiliar with. Each of them were easily twice my 6'-4" height and a little over twice the diameter of my waist at their middle. They were long, slender oval shapes, gently tapering from their four foot diameter at the middle to perhaps a foot and a half diameter dome at both their tops and their bottoms. And their Light! They shined so brightly I couldn't bring myself to stare directly into their centers. A trait I share with most humans I guess, concern about damaging our eyes by staring into very bright lights. A totally unnecessary concern I might add, since I was not looking at them with my physical eyes!

This trait comes under the heading of 'human force of habit' as I've come to call them and they're part of the reason I could be used as bait. There are many 'human forces of habit' those of us still living in physical bodies carry around with us without being aware of them. Things like gravity, solid matter, privacy of our thoughts and many, many more that we act out of subconsciously, come under my heading of human force of habit.' As a result we tend to act more physical body human than someone who for example hasn't lived in the physical world in a while. It's my understanding we project these habits out at a subconscious level even in non-physical environments. We tend to wear bodies' that look like physical bodies, speak in human sounding voices and carry with us a myriad of other human like traits. That somehow makes us more easily seen and heard by the new goners' as someone once called the recently deceased. Those who have recently died evidently pick up on our subconscious projections and we're more familiar and recognizable to them than the nonphysical environment they now exist in. Any way, the fact that I still resided in a physical body meant that I could best assist as bait.

The two bright light people had positioned themselves on either side of me so our waists were side by side and they each extended about three feet above my head and below my feet. Thinking back on it now we must have looked like a giant butterfly, when we flew above the ground. In the center I might have looked like the body of a butterfly with the two bright light people on either side as wings. We could have also looked very much like some

people's descriptions of an angel, a human body with a bright halo of wings. Shortly after they joined me, one standing on either side of my 'body' we gently lifted up off the ground, accelerated away from the camp and flew toward the horizon.

At first I was busily scanning ahead, looking for people on the ground below us. Some time after the camp was out of sight, beyond the horizon behind me, I spotted the first people walking on the ground ahead. As we approached them they looked up and I could tell the bright light people beside me had first attracted their attention. So they were bait too. What we must have looked like to those first people I saw on the ground! Two brilliant lights up in the sky, out shining the sun, on either side of a man waving his arms and legs, pointing toward the horizon and yelling, "There's a relief camp over that way, they've got food, water and blankets. Look for the smoke rising up from the cooking fires and follow it to the camp." I'm sure the two light people got a good chuckle or two at my animated, amateur antics.

I didn't realize at any time during this session, during this experience, that the two bright light people ever spoke to me. I remembered it much later, but at the time I wasn't consciously aware of it. After the first few people we found walking on the ground below, with the bright light people's unspoken influence, I toned down my approach, no more waving arms, yelling and pointing. After that we established a pattern of approaching from low in the sky, perhaps 25 feet up, until the people on the ground noticed the bright lights. Then moving slowly, almost majestically, we would slowly, gently descend. Then, hovering just up off the ground, close to them, smilingly, I'd talk in a more a conversational tone. I'd explain to them about the relief camp, the smoke, food, water and blankets. Then extending my arm slowly I'd turn pointing in the direction of the camp. I was striving to appear like an angel to the people we encountered. I drew on every angelic picture I could remember to give a really convincing impression.

After a while I caught on that I didn't need to look for people on the ground any more, the bright light people did all that. These guys definitely knew what they were doing. All I had to do was play my part, smile, greet people and point out the way, the bright light people handled all the locating. We had probably found 15 to 20 people when my role was suddenly cut short by the signals I heard from the tape through my headphones. Those signals indicated it was time to return to Virginia and my CHEC unit. I thanked the bright light people for their help in my learning about assisting by being bait. As the scene of the sunlit countryside and the image of those two brilliant lights around me slowly faded and dissolved into blackness I turned around and headed back. After arriving in my CHEC unit I again switched off the ready light and moved to the desk to record the details of the experience. After that I headed off to the lunch room to debrief with the other members of the research group.

As we each told the stories of our experience in the debriefing session a picture of our group interaction in the Focus 23 version of the India earthquake began to emerge. This time most

of us had found our way back to the earthquake area. We each had arrived at the site in different locations, some in different parts of the camp. Others were out in the country side, with people who'd died in the quake. Still others, had been up in the air assisting other Helpers with the tunnel that exited the camp and went up to The Reception Center at Focus 27.

BW had, in her words, "been given a tour of an area of rubble" by a guide she met in Focus 27. Many people had been buried alive and were "\\"stuck in fear, disorientation and loss of energy." She reported that she and the guide "sent light energy" into the piles of rubble as the guide explained this "would be providing a spirit pathway' for those who had been buried alive."

Another member, RW, ". . . saw moving streams of people both in (Focus) 23 and (Focus) 25." She ". . . observed this while holding a golden light on the flow" of people.

Some members of the research group had been aware of each other being near by, carrying out similar activities. After realizing we could gather together we decided as a group that during our next tape session we would try to meet as a group and set up our own mass retrieval station somewhere near the site of the earthquake.

Back to our CHEC units, headphones and relax. The tape started, I felt a shift and then found myself standing on a grassy field, out in the countryside taking in the view. It still looked like a bright, cloudless, sunny day, generally flat terrain, short, green grass and vast open fields.

Teena, a Lifelines trainer and participant in the group, came into view, smiling, a short distance away. She was not looking directly at me but rather had her smiling gaze turned toward my left, a far off look in her eye. As I looked more closely at her I could feel she was extending her LOVE outward, filling the countryside in all directions. The LOVE she was extending took the form of a bright beacon of light, shining outwards in front of her . Some of the light from this beacon was spread out over a wide area, illuminating a broad expanse of the nearby terrain. There was a central portion of this beacon which was more tightly focused, brighter and more intense. A little like a lighthouse beacon, the tightly focused part beamed a brilliant shaft of light deep into a black fog at the far edge of the countryside. I was a little surprised to see the black fog, I hadn't notice it in any of our previous sessions. I seemed to form an edge of some kind between the area we could see and a dark unknown. I felt all of the LOVE/Light set up a field with an attractive force for anyone who came in contact with it. With her arms extended slightly downward and out to her sides Teena's smile invited everyone.

I could also see what I would describe as an opening, forming next to her. This opening looked like the opening to a tunnel much like the one I'd seen exiting the tent city relief

camp. I moved closer to her, taking up a position on her left, joining in, intending to lend my energy to the beacon she was beaming outward from near the opening to the tunnel. I noticed as I joined in with Teena that the intensity of the beacon increased not twofold, but more like four to six times its previous brightness. The edge or boundary between the black fog in the background and the well lit countryside in the foreground moved further away from us. Illuminated countryside extended further away from us now, the dark, black fog area now being lit up by our combined 'energy'. The tightly focused part of the beam had expanded in diameter, penetrating deeper into the dark fog.

As we stood there I watched other members of the research group joined us, one by one, lending their energy, adding to the size and intensity of the beacon. Each one joining increased the intensity of the beacon by orders of magnitude rather than by the simple addition I kept expecting. Each one joining illuminated more of the countryside, extending it to the horizon some time before the last person joined our group effort. Members joined at all different levels, some above me, floating close by in the air, others beside or behind me. All of us were connected, like we were holding hands, but not with our hands. It was more like our individual outer boundaries became thinner and thinner until we joined into being one entity projecting LOVE out into the former darkness of Focus 23. Looking out into the countryside I could see people, quake victims, turning toward the beacon we were projecting. As they did they felt attracted to our location, the source of the beacon and began walking toward us. I watched as they moved closer and entered the opening we had made, I looked back over my shoulder, to see where our opening led.

It transformed into a tubular structure that lifted up off the ground and headed off into the sky, just like the one I had seen at the camp. I could clearly see the two research group members who had earlier been observing the tunnel that exited the camp. They were behind me, high up off the ground and appeared to be directing their intent toward forming and maintaining our tunnel to Focus 27. I could see through the walls of our tunnel and see the people who had entered the opening at ground level. They were walking easily, unafraid, some wide eyed and marveling at the view ahead of them as they moved forward. We continued, as a group together, providing the beacon, opening and tunnel to The Reception Center for people who'd died in the earthquake until the tape sounds indicated it was time to return. Our group then separated back into ourselves, reforming our individual boundaries, and we moved apart to return to Virginia. I don't know what happened to the opening we made there from the earthquake site to Focus 27. As I left I felt a feeling of accomplishment and gratitude for the opportunity to learn through the experience.

After returning to my CHEC unit I got up, filled out my questionnaire and headed into our debriefing session. All but one of the people in the research group had some recollection of the group activity we had shared in. As we shared our experience and talked during debriefing I found myself looking closely at each member. Some of them I'd met for the first time today and I was not entirely familiar with their physical appearance. I found myself

comparing how they looked now with how they looked as we had gathered together, forming the beacon in India. I decided the similarities were not so much in how they looked now in the lunch room but rather how their appearance made me feel. I left, that day, feeling much closer to these people and grateful for their participation in our research.

Looking back at the original intent of the research project we carried out together in October of 1993 I find the results fascinating. I'd met Helpers before who'd assisted me in doing retrievals of individuals. But we had learned in this experience that there are teams of Helpers who work together in large scale disasters. These Helpers had put together a scenario, based on what was known about the people they expected to find. In this case the tent city relief camp was used because it would fit in so well with what the people they were retrieving expected. It was such a smooth, well thought out operation. Their system was designed to minimize any shock people might experience at learning they had 'died'. The subject didn't come up for any of them until they were already transported to The Reception Center in Focus 27. Most arriving at Focus 27 were allowed to become aware of their deaths in their own time, at their own pace. All were allowed to gradually move from the earthquake site to a place where they were greeted by and reunited with friends, relatives or Helpers. I still marvel at the gentle, effective manner in which this team handles such situations. Things like using the smoke from cooking fires to attract people to the camp was so simple and so natural. It used victims' desire for food, water and shelter at a relief camp to ease them into communications with those who were waiting to assist them. From my retrieval experiences of individuals this is an important point. Without contact with others shortly after dying some people become stuck in situations of their own making. If they get stuck it can be very difficult to reach them, not unlike trying to awaken them into a lucid dream as a character in their dream. The method this team used took roles in the dream most of the quake victims were already in. They worked together to fit into that dream of the aftermath of a devastating earthquake in a way that was completely acceptable to the victims. There wasn't any reason for them to doubt the reality of the relief camp, the people handing out food, water, blankets and words of encouragement. I still marvel at it. And the nice touches like giant, bright angels floating through the air to meet them were outstanding. These angels fit into the religious beliefs of many of the people I had encountered while being used as 'bait'. I had watched some of those people walking away from where we lingered, the two bright light people and I, hovering just above the ground, those people were talking about us. They would look back at us sometimes in disbelief, talking to other members of their little group excitedly, saying things like, "Did you see that too?" They were completely unaware of the fact they were 'dead' and they were looking forward to telling others at the camp that the way had been pointed out by an angel, or by whatever Spirit Being of their beliefs we looked like! This team we'd met really had all the bases covered! I know that they or other teams like them show up wherever they are needed to assist large numbers of victims in making the transition.

Taking part in Dr. Warren's research I learned that a group of people still living in physical bodies can assist when such large numbers of people die in a short span of time. We learned about being bait, about projecting LOVE and light, about making openings and tunnels to The Reception Center and about working together as a team. Whenever I read in the newspaper or see on TV a story about some big disaster I think about my experience with Dr. Rita Warren's research group in the Fall of 1993.

Little did I know at the time we did this exploration that I would meet the same India earthquake, relief camp Helpers in another large scale disaster in Oklahoma City on April 19, 1995. I'm so grateful to have met them in India, to have learned a little about assisting in a disaster situation which was, emotionally, relatively calm. A year and a half later in Oklahoma City was anything but emotionally calm. A terrorist bomb killed 169 people, most in the blink of an eye. I started doing retrievals sitting on a stool in a Bennigans restaurant waiting for my dinner. The emotional energy of the bombing site was so powerful and intense I needed all the help I could get.

Every time I think back to my experience later in Oklahoma City I express my gratitude to those Helpers and all Helpers everywhere who do this work. I especially want to express my love and gratitude to Dr. Warren, the woman who introduced me to this facet of retrieval work. Thank you Rita!